

BURLINGTON FREE PRESS, FRIDAY MORNING APRIL 4, 1856.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Burlington Feb 28th 1856.

The following poetry was composed by a young country lad, and sent to a young lady upon whom his affections were fixed; but he was spurned by her parents because he was poor. They were accompanied by a letter informing her that he was going west to earn a reputation and make them sorry that they spurned him — I am informed that the young lady remains true to him yet. I am told he is worth \$20,000, & is expected to return soon to claim his lady-love. Strong reasons her parents are highly tickled with her progress — I have his permission to insert the poem with these explanations attached in your paper. Will you kind enough to let it appear in your columns (no. 34) paper & oblige your friend A. Hunter?

Insg—

On the other side you will find the poetry of those who truly command, —

Even like nakedness, the fast is often witnessed with entire composure by the lady portion of the spectators. Above Capo St. Louis we passed the remains of the number of passengers by that ill-fated craft, two hundred were "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, and their homes now rest beneath the green wave, or bleach on the lonely sands of Margherita Island. Below San Diego, in Lower California, we saw, at a distance of 150 miles, mountains of an altitude of 10,000 feet, whose towering heads, hoary with the frost of centuries and glistening in the rays of a sun just sinking in the sea, presented a scene of surpassing sublimity and grandeur.

But we are now entering the "Golden Gate," the perspective of many a gaudy youth, loosing with a glimmering fire.

WINOSKI.

Letter from Texas.

PRATHER GROVE, TEXAS, March 15, 1856.

Mrs. Editor: — The "stop of the morning" is all of you, my Northern friends, who are not all up yet; then in return you give me a nod, and for the present leave all to god. And in going I'll go west, believing it to be the best. Your next birth day'll be 18, You are then your own I wish. And if to gain you as my wife, I am forced to new a strategem. That I may gain a diadem. On the face I'll stave my life.

Ton of tomorrow — R.F.J.

A Trip to California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 18, 1856.

Editor of the Free Press. In the trip which the traveller makes to California, the effects of his visit will be measured by the report of the boys he meets with the stars on his hat, we are to be supplied by the report of the boys found in the steamer's bow, that he is at Atwood's.

The noise and confusion attendant upon the hour of departure from New York out-labored Atwood's late hours hurry up the gangways; in one corner of the "halibut's" cabin, a group whose firm intergrap of hands, silent lips and motionless eyes evince a sleep terror at the hour of a long separation; that noise upon the quarter-deck is from a host of boys who are busily imbibing a spring drink with one of whom their first resolutions may prove a short sheet of revelry; at length the order falls, and the passengers are spoken; the gang-planks bend under the rush to the pier; the boys are off, and follow the "steamer's bow." This 20th day of February, '56, moves with steady air into the stream, and the roar of the signal gun, the wail of hand-revolts and the cheer of the crowds which darken the wharves. As the boat moves slowly toward the Narrows towards the Atlantic, a crowd, formed of the hollies and hubbs of a delegation from Africa, is thrown into the extreme after part of the steamer. In front walks the inflexible purser, who, unwilling to carry "dead-heads" or skulks, examines our tickets, pocketed one, returns a check and we pass to the rear. Reaching the H., the veteran pilot disengaged, and with a cargo of "skunks" is soon back again.

Night comes on, and in the sounding of the horn and gallan steamers are a few. Another day abhors the prancing of Harpers by the riding whale, the ploughing of the strong-ribbed steamer and the numerous contributions to Neptune, which appear to have been born in multiplying stromas.

Passing the lower Bahama, we are reminded that one of the group, though barren and uninhabited, is yet rich in historical associations for upon that sterility spot first appeared the last to Columbus and his discoverer crew, on the evening previous to his stupendous discovery of land, and though not first trodden by the foot of the great adventurer, it may be said to have been the first land seen by him west of the Canaries. On the sixth day we were in a snug harbor, the port of Nassau, and the steamer which had been so long suspended from the clouds which darken the wharves.

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